

The great Tantramar Marsh extends for many a mile its level floor, like a vast smooth bowling green. The home of innumerable water fowl, and changing hue with the changes of the seasons, it is not without its beautiful and poetic aspects, which have been vividly caught and sketched by Prof. Roberts, in the following lines of photographic fidelity :

Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay dikes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing the Westmoreland shores.
Yonder, toward the left, lie broad the Westmoreland marshes,—
Miles on miles they extend, level, and grassy, and dim,
Clear from the long red sweep of flats to the sky in the distance,
Save for the outlying heights, green-rampired Cumberland Point :
Miles on miles outrolled, and the river-channels divide them,—
Miles on miles of green, barred by the hurtling gusts.

Miles on miles beyond the tawny bay is Minudie.
There are the low blue hills ; villages gleam at their feet.
Nearer a white sail shines across the water, and nearer
Still are the slim, gray masts of fishing boats dry on the flats.
Ah, how well I remember those wide red flats, above tide-mark
Pale with scurf of the salt, seamed and baked in the sun !
Well I remember the piles of blocks and ropes, and the net-reels
Wound with the beaded nets, dripping and dark from the sea !

Proceeding westward from Sackville, eleven miles, one passes Dorchester, a pretty town on a rising slope ; its most conspicuous feature being its picturesque-looking penitentiary. The scenery is of a bolder character as we ascend the right bank of the Memramcook River, traversing a prosperous farming region, occupied by over a thousand Acadian peasants. It is like a bit of Lower Canada. Across the river is a large Roman Catholic college, and near it is a handsome stone church. In the railway car a priest is diligently reading his breviary, and a young girl without the least self-consciousness is singing a Catholic hymn.

At Painsec Junction, passengers for Prince Edward Island change cars for Shediac, and Point Du Chêne, pleasant villages on Northumberland Strait.

The train soon reaches the prosperous town of Moncton, the head-quarters of the Intercolonial Railway. It has a population of about seven thousand, and gives abundant evidence of life and energy. The central offices of the railway present a very imposing appearance. The town is situated at the head of navigation of the Petitcodiac River, and affords an oppor-